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# ATARI FORCE

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**ATARI FORCE PHOENIX**

**ZAM ZAM**

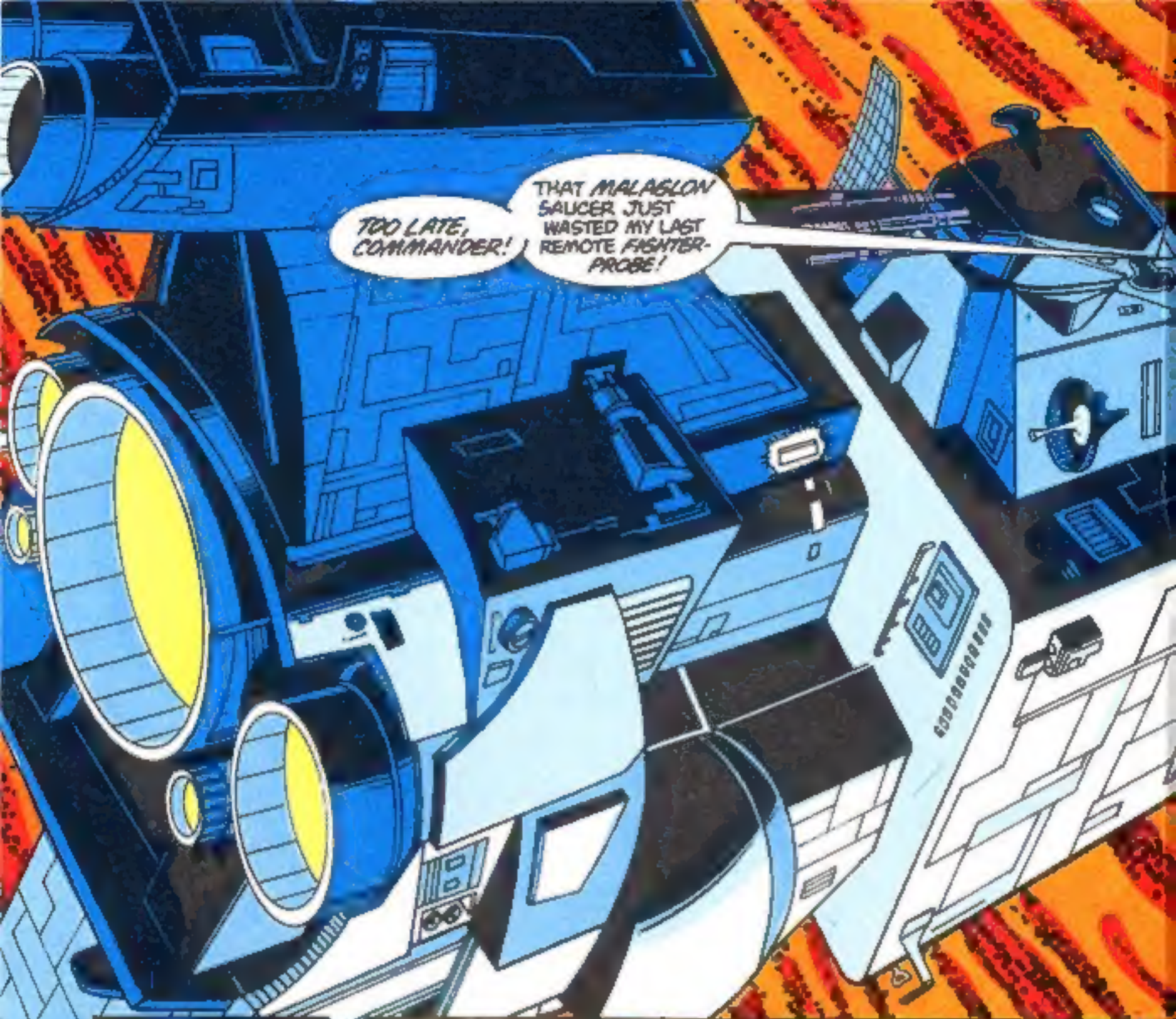
**ZAM!**

PULL BACK!  
YOU'RE LOSING  
YOUR SHIELDS!

WITH YOUR  
PROBE-SHIPS  
BLASTED BY THAT  
DEATH-RAY,  
YOU'RE  
DEFENSELESS!

WARP OUT,  
OR THEY'LL  
DESTROY YOU!





TOO LATE,  
COMMANDER!

THAT MALAGLON  
SALICER JUST  
WASTED MY LAST  
REMOTE FIGHTER-  
PROBE!



THAT'S A  
DIRECT  
ORDER!

SAVE  
YOURSELF!

CAN'T,  
COMMANDER!  
NO POWER--  
NO ESCAPE  
POD--

--NO  
CHANCE!

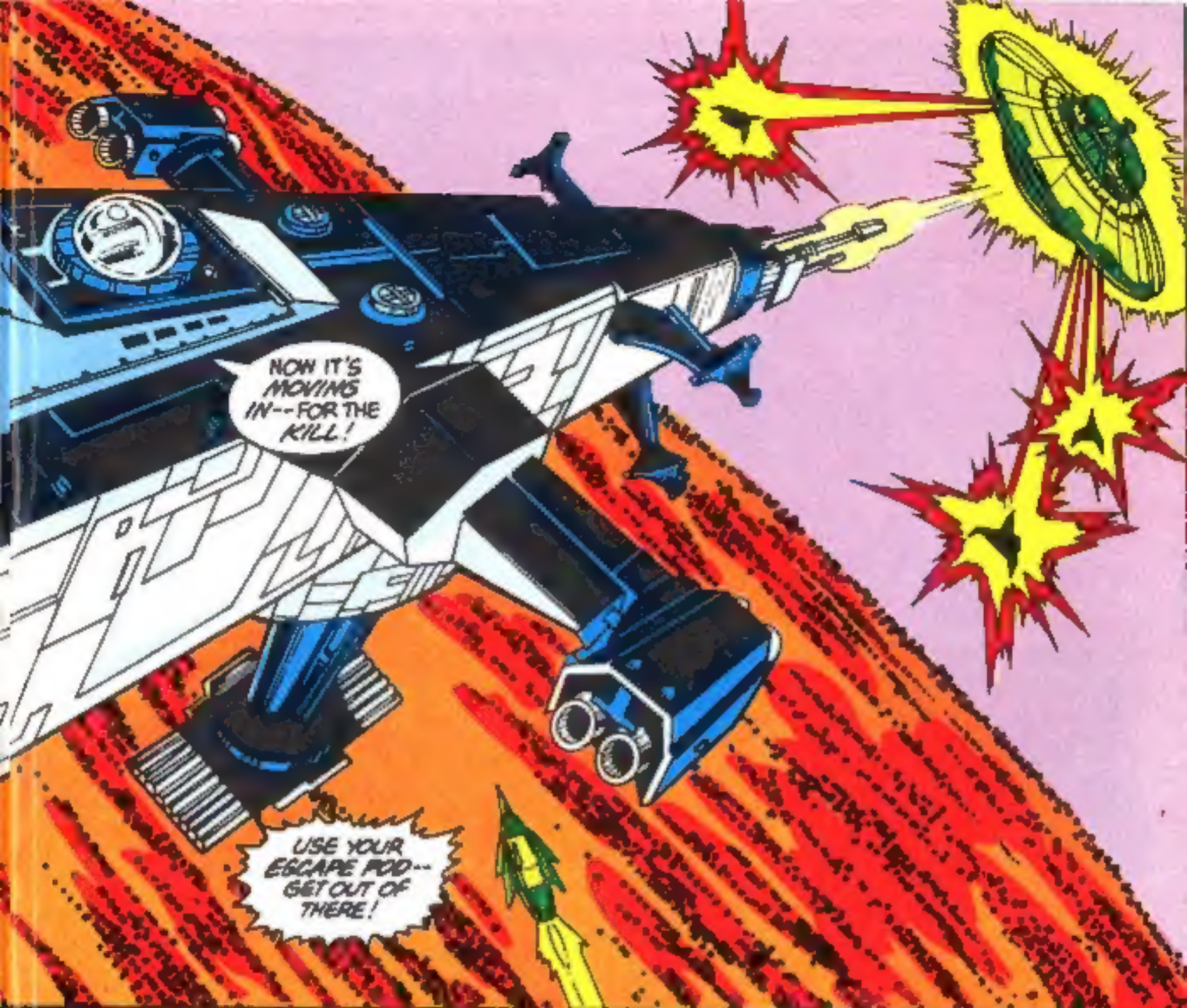


YAAAA--



WHRAAAA







ATARI HEADQUARTERS COMPLEX, IN NORTHCAL,  
ON THE WAR-WEARY GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, IN  
THE YEAR 2005 A.D...

ATARI  
TECHNOLOGY  
AND RESEARCH  
INSTITUTE,  
HOPE FOR  
EARTH'S FUTURE  
AND HOME BASE  
FOR COMMANDER  
CHAMPION AND  
THE ATARI  
FORCE...

YOU'RE  
BLAMING  
YOURSELF,  
MARTIN--  
AND YOU  
SHOULDN'T

DAVID HAD THE  
BEST TRAINING  
MY SECURITY  
TEAM COULD  
PROVIDE--

MAYBE YOUR  
BEST WASN'T  
GOOD ENOUGH,  
LI SAN.

CHAMPION DIDN'T MEAN  
THAT, O'ROURKE.

HE'S BEEN UNDER  
A TERRIBLE STRAIN  
SINCE THE  
PHOENIX.

BUT  
MAYBE HE'S  
RIGHT,  
LUCAS--

NONSENSE.

-- YOU'RE  
VOLUNTEERS,  
ALL OF YOU.

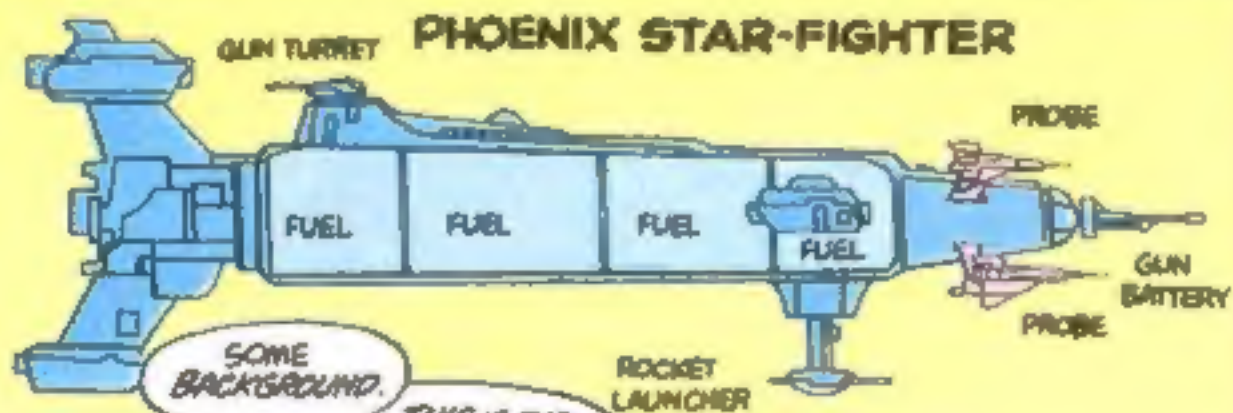
BUT I WONDER  
IF YOU FULLY  
REALIZE--

-- YOU'RE  
VOLUNTEERING  
FOR A MISSION  
THAT'S ALMOST  
CERTAIN  
SUICIDE!

SO FAR,  
MISSION:  
PHOENIX  
HAS CLAIMED  
TEN LIVES.

FRIENDS OF  
YOURS... FRIENDS  
OF MINE...

...AND THE  
END IS NOWHERE  
IN SIGHT!



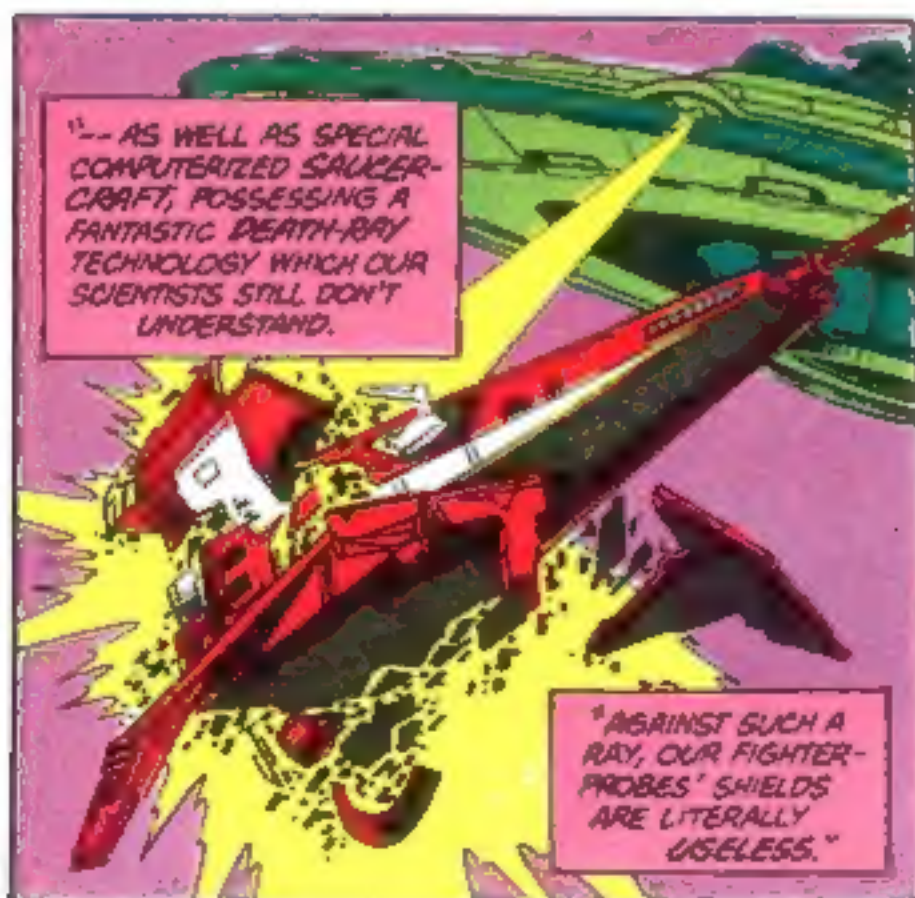
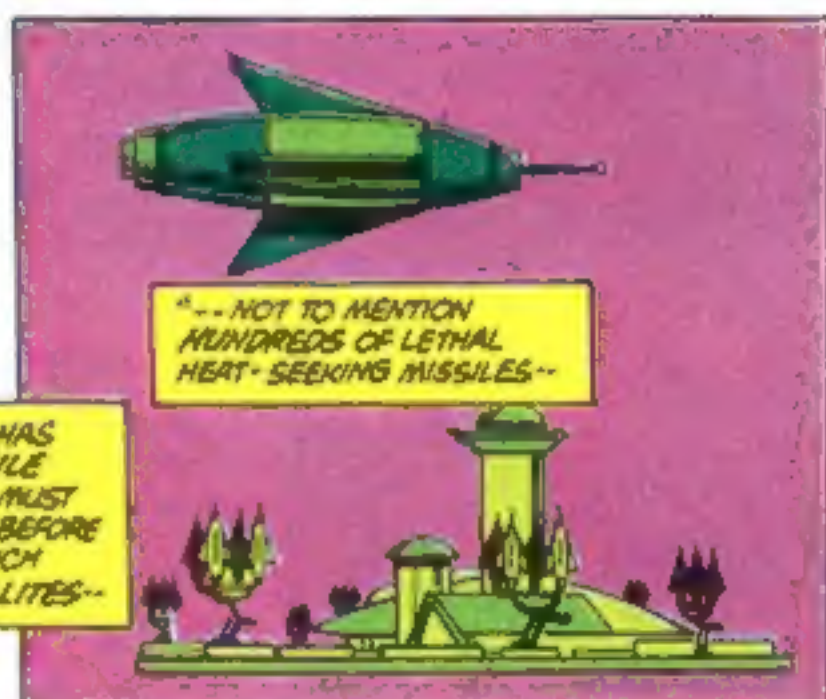
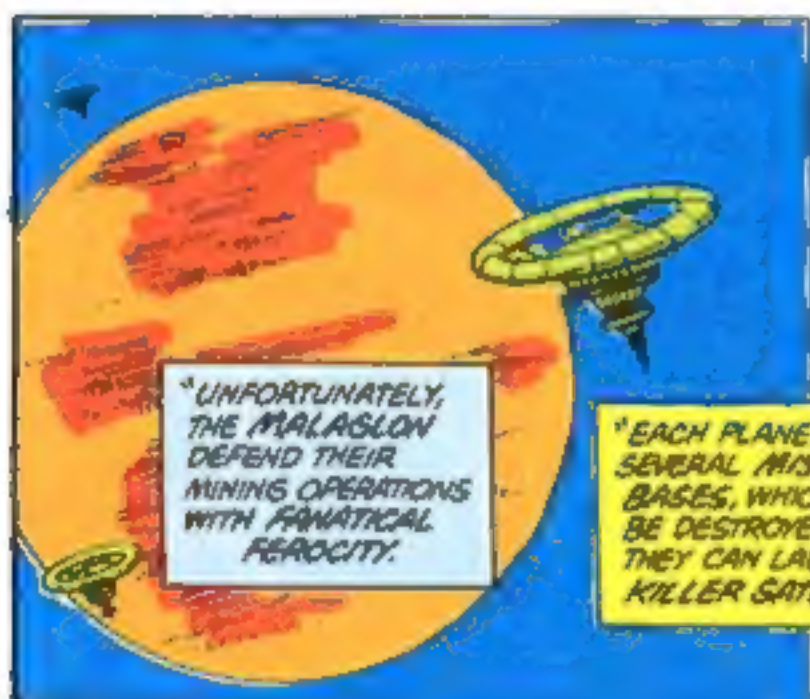
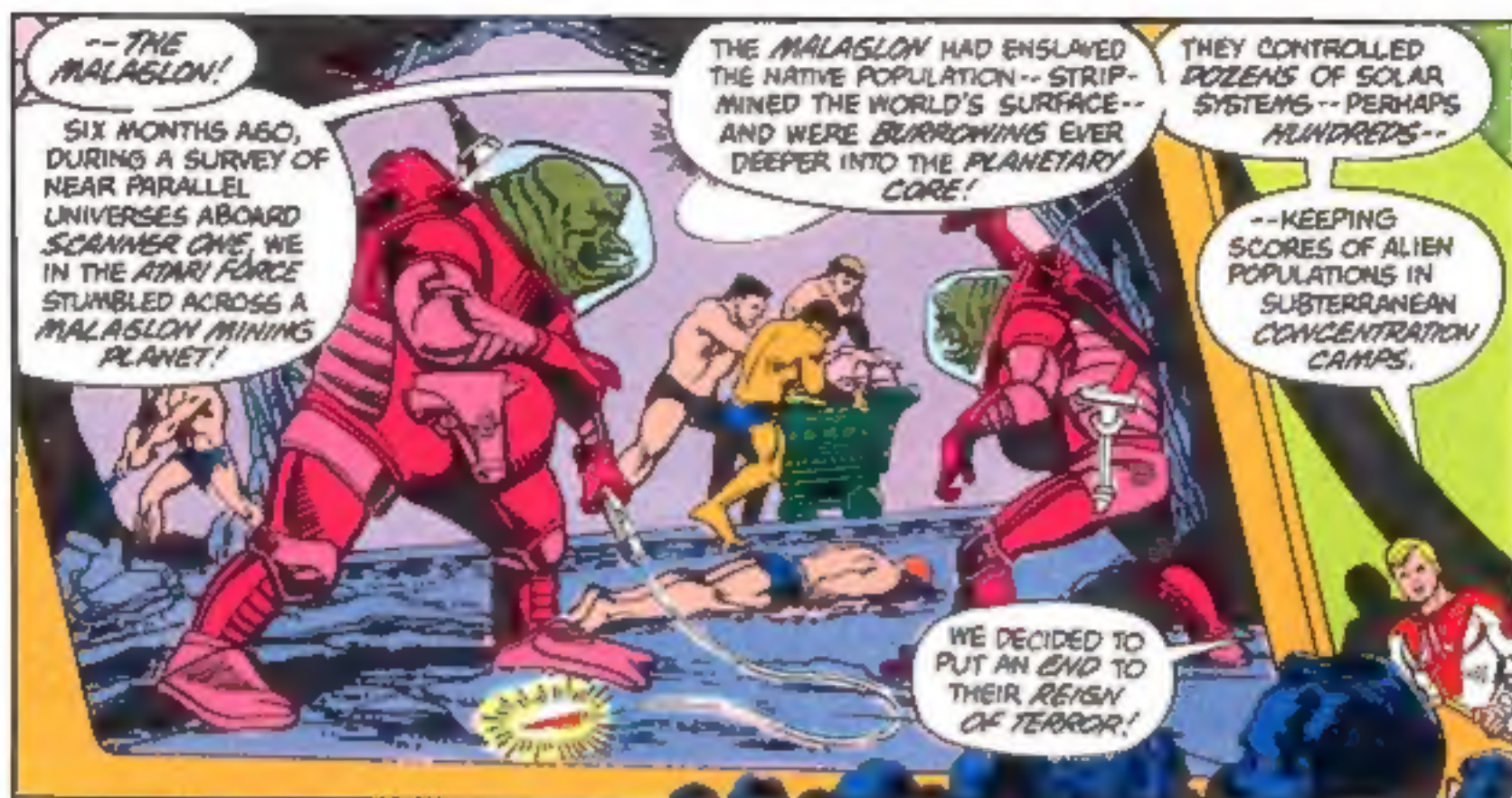
SOME  
BACKGROUND.

THIS IS THE  
PHOENIX STAR-  
FIGHTER, DESIGNED BY ATARI  
ENGINEERS TO INCORPORATE  
THE MOST ADVANCED REMOTE-  
WEAPON SYSTEM EVER  
CONCEIVED--

--FOUR SEPARATE  
FIGHTER-PROBES, WHICH  
DETACH FROM THE MAIN SHIP  
AND ACT IN FORMATION,  
UNDER THE PHOENIX PILOT'S  
DIRECT CONTROL.

THE  
PHOENIX'S  
TARGET--







FORGIVE ME FOR BREAKING THE NEWS THIS WAY-- BUT TIME IS SHORT, AND EVERY SECOND IS CRUCIAL!

OUR COMPUTERIZED SCOUTS REPORT THAT THE MALAGLON VANGUARD IS MOVING TOWARD OUR SECTOR OF THE MULTIVERSE.

WE MUST STOP THEIR ADVANCE-- AND LIBERATE THEIR SLAVE WORLDS-- NOW, OR NEVER.

EACH OF YOU HAS ALREADY VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS MISSION.

ALL THAT REMAINS-- IS THE CHOICE.

CLINK  
CLINK

DAVID... MY BIG BROTHER... DEAD!

STILL-- CAN'T CONVINCE MYSELF IT'S TRUE!

CLINK  
CLINK  
CLINK

GOOD LORD.

THE NAME ON THIS IDENTITY TOKEN IS MARCUS--

BOB MARCUS!

READY, COMMANDER!

MORE THAN YOU CAN KNOW!

ONE GRIM BRIEFING LATER...

BOB, IF YOU'RE HEADED INTO THIS WITH A GRUDGE...

NO GRUDGE, COMMANDER. DAVID DID HIS JOB-- NOW IT'S MY TURN.

ALL RIGHT-- BUT WE'LL BE TRACKING YOU IN SCANNER ONE!

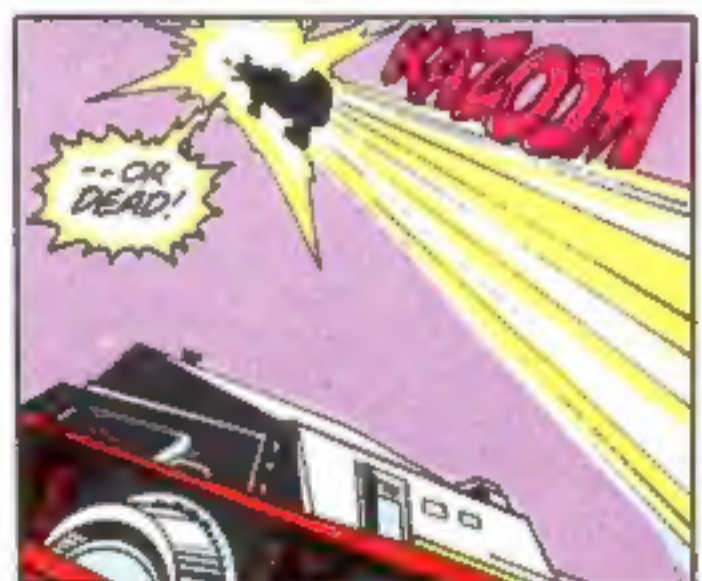


# LIFT-OFF!

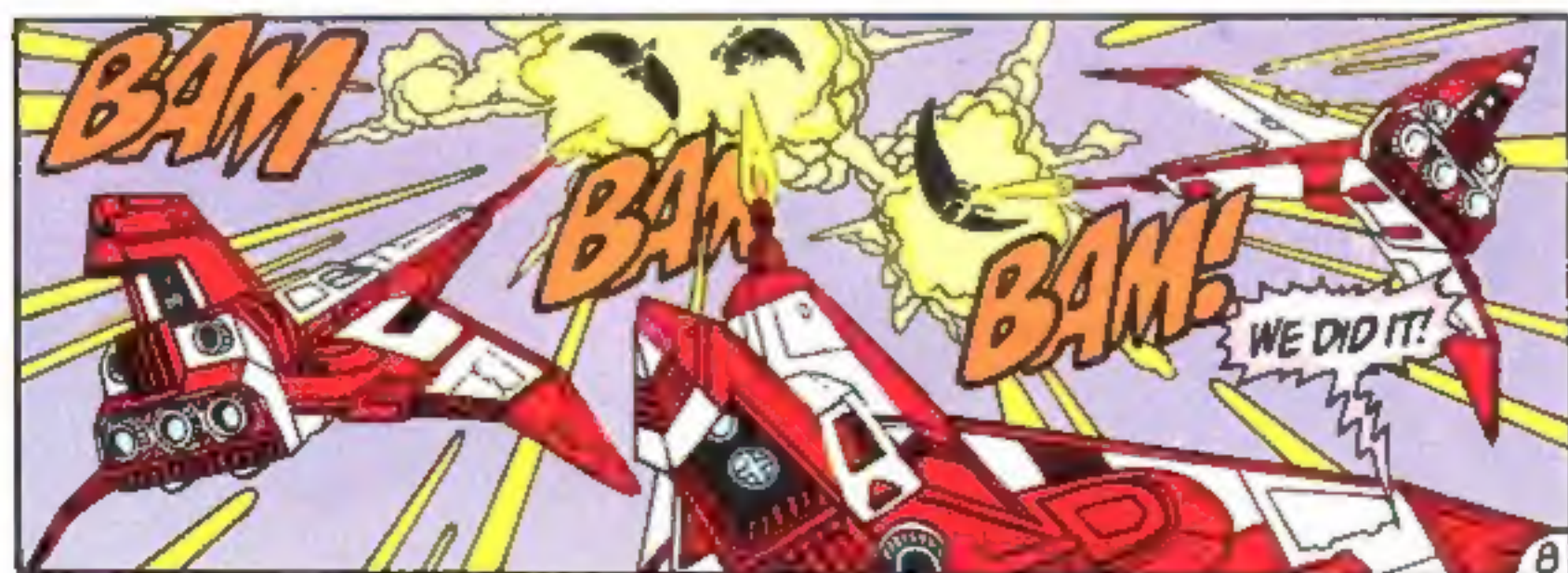
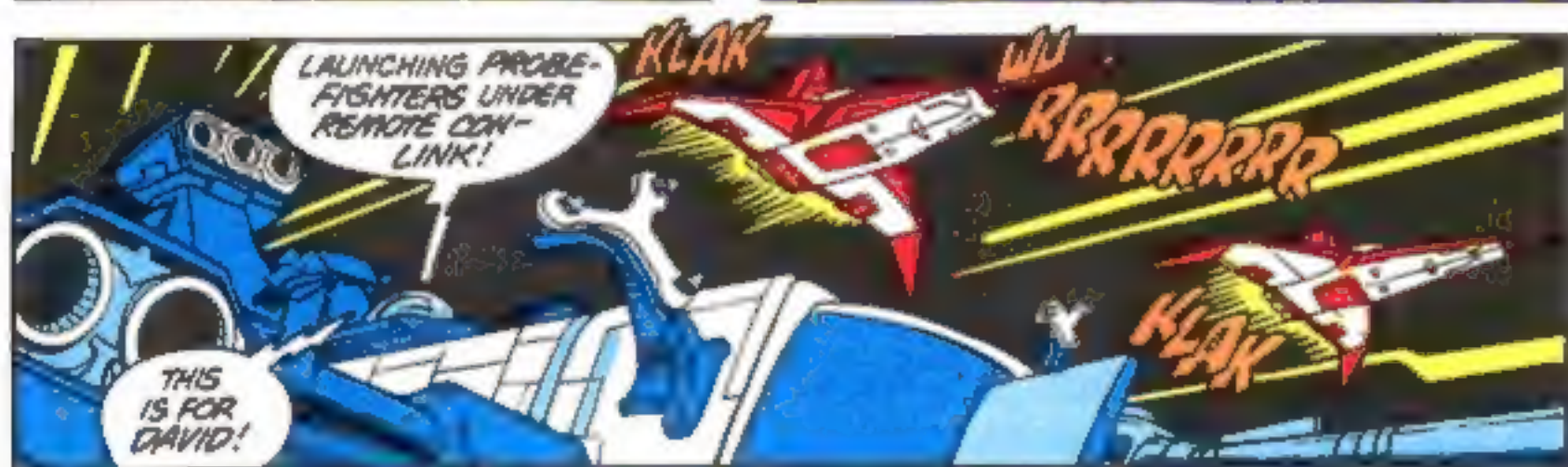
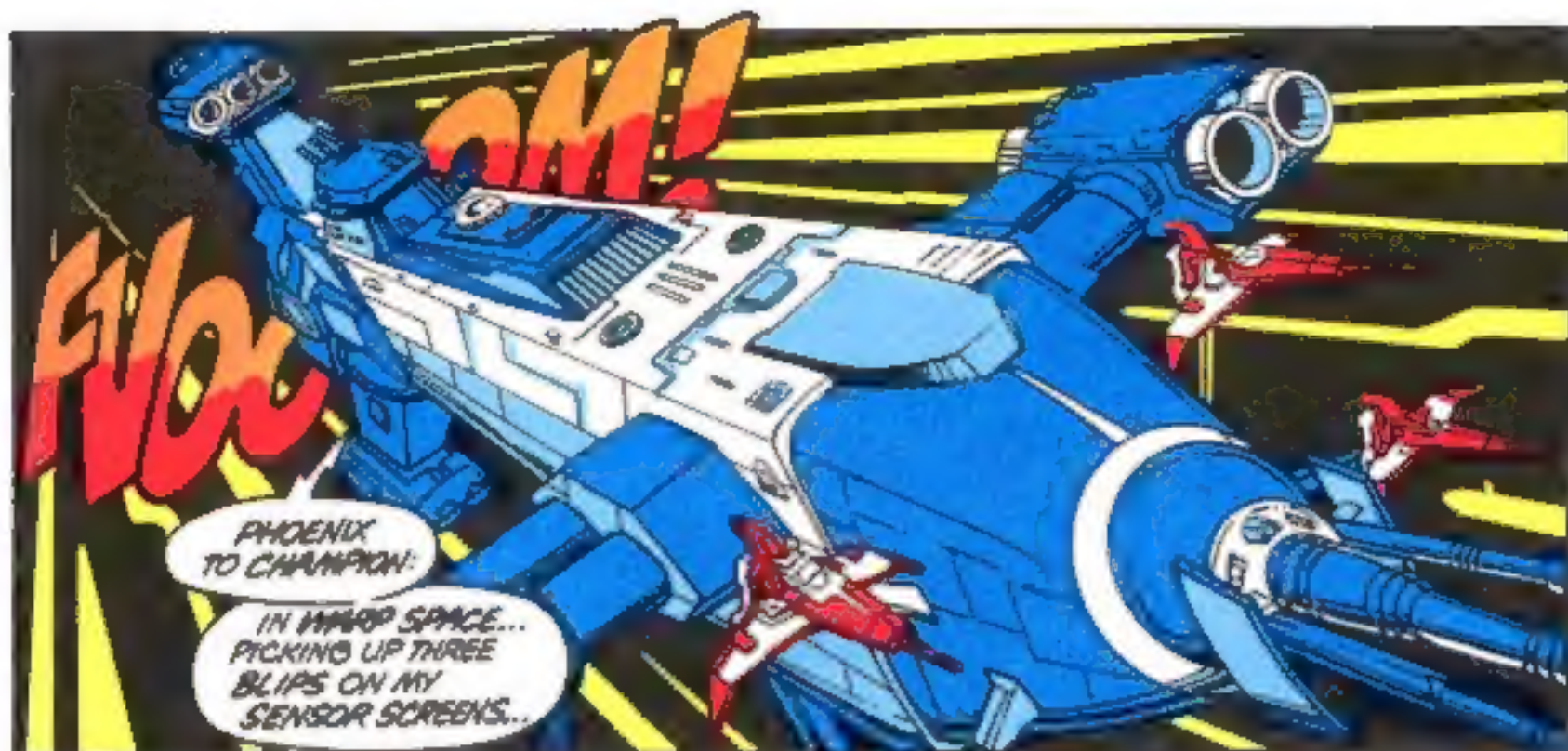
FROM THE BATTLE-SCARRED GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH, TWO FANTASTIC CRAFT RISE SPACEWARD, BORNE ON PILLARS OF INVISIBLE FIRE.

THE FIRST BRISTLES WITH WEAPONRY, FOR THIS IS THE PHOENIX STAR-FIGHTER, MOST ADVANCED WARCRAFT EVER TO LEAVE EARTH'S ORBIT.

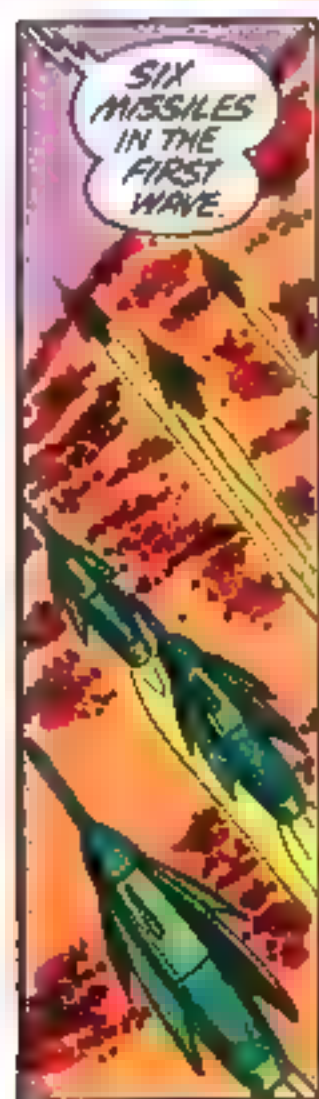
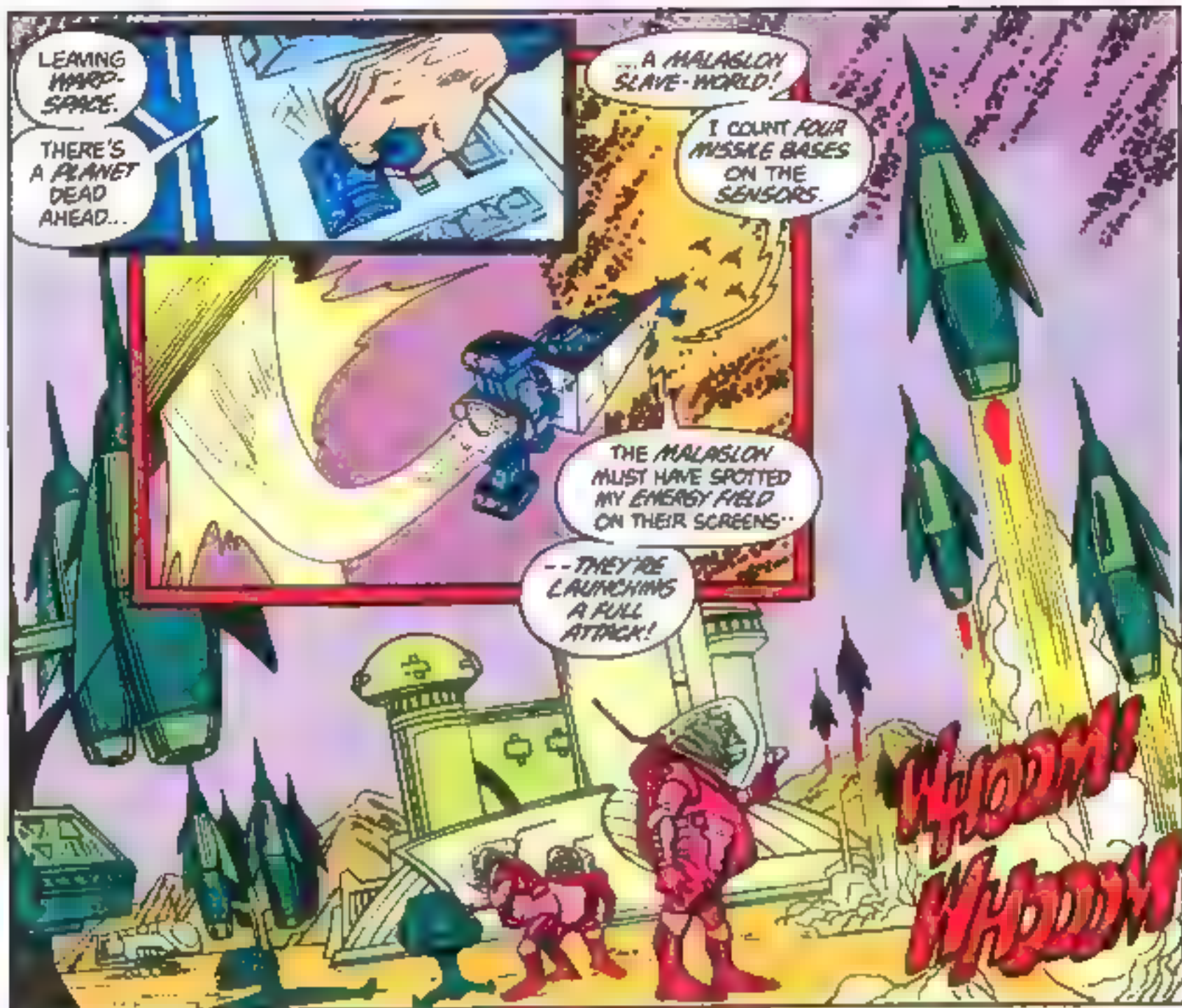
THE SECOND, SMALLER, IS *SCANNER ONE*, SCOUT SHIP OF THE ATARI FORCE, UNDER THE CONTROL OF COMMANDER CHAMPION AND MASTER PILOT PEREZ.



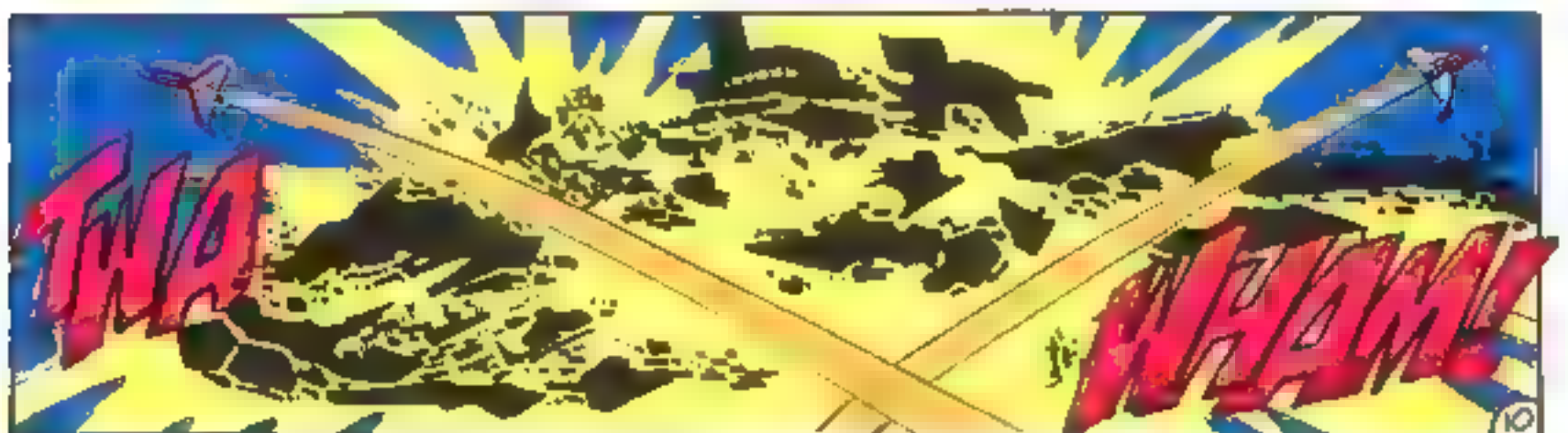
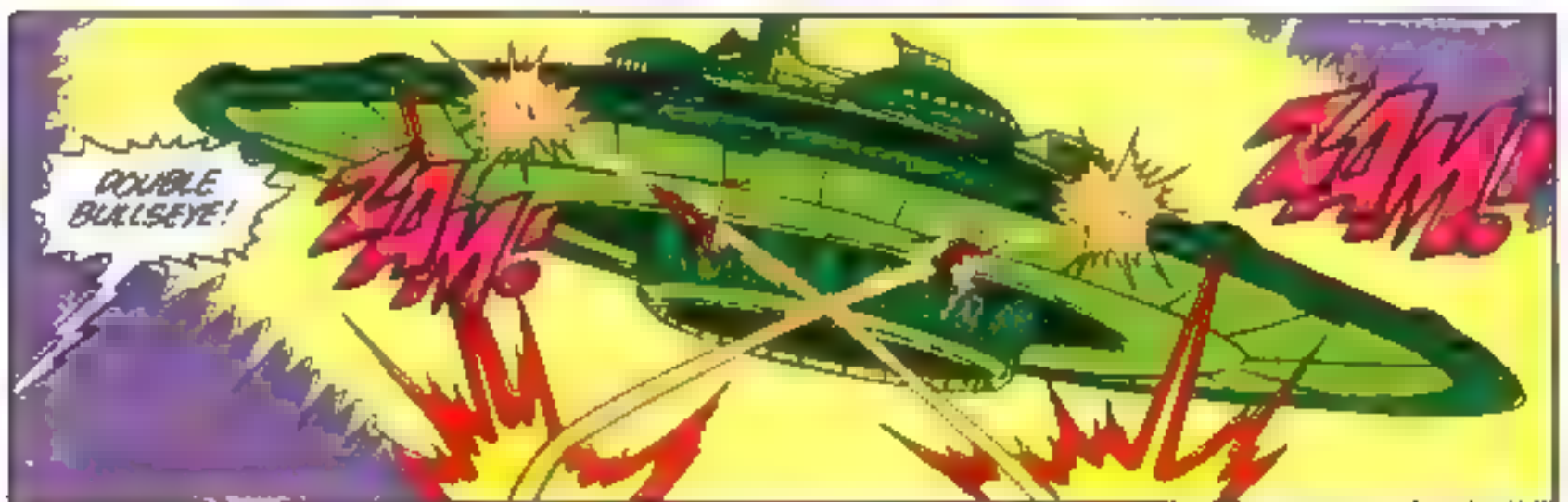
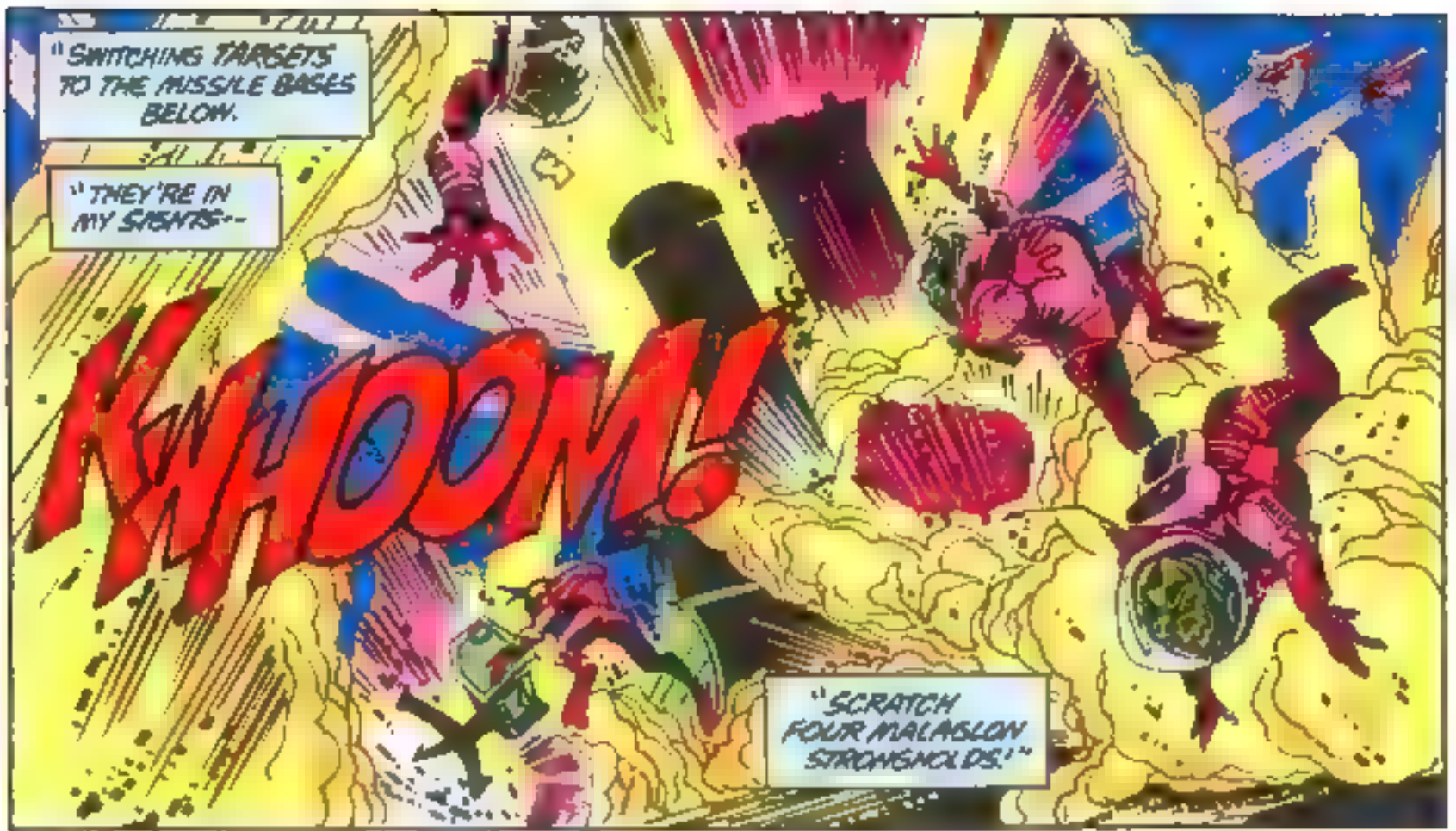














SCANNER ONE,  
IN HYPER-  
SPACE:

DELAYED  
TRANSMISSION  
COMING IN FROM  
PHOENIX,  
COMMANDER.

MARCUS  
IS ALIVE--

--AND APPARENTLY,  
HE'S WINNING!

SWITCH IT TO THE  
MAIN MONITOR,  
LYDIA.

I JUST HOPE  
MARCUS ISN'T  
GETTING COCKY!

--JUST KNOCKED  
OUT MY EIGHTH  
MILAGLON STAR  
SYSTEM, COMMANDER.

THAT MAKES TWENTY-  
FOUR WORLDS WE'VE  
FREED.

I'M SENDING YOU THEIR  
COORDINATES.

I'M BETTING  
THE WORST IS  
OVER.

DON'T  
COUNT  
ON IT!

"SEVERAL PLANETS  
LAUNCHED KILLER  
SATELLITES...

"... OTHERS HAD A  
FANTASTIC  
ROTATION PERIOD  
THAT MADE TAR-  
GETING THEIR  
MISSILE BASES  
DIFFICULT...

"... AND SEVERAL GAS  
GIANTS FIRED STRANGE  
FIREBALLS THAT ALMOST  
WIPE OUT MY PROBE-  
FIGHTERS IN SPITE OF  
THEIR DEFENSE  
SCREENS.

"AND, OF COURSE,  
THE SAUCER-CRAFT  
WERE A CONSTANT  
DANGER..."

MARTIN,  
HE HAS  
TO BE  
RECALLED!

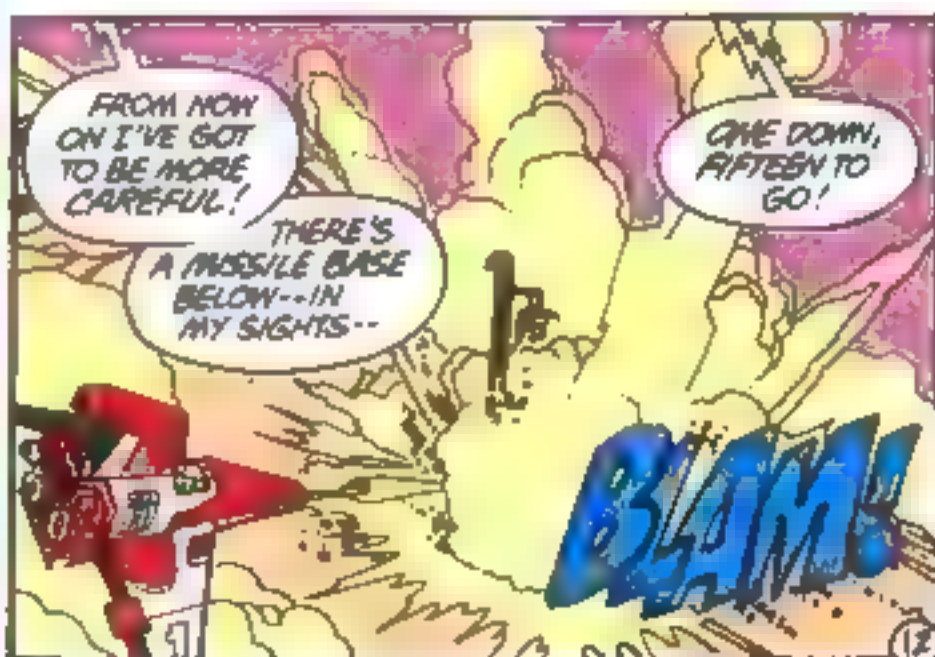
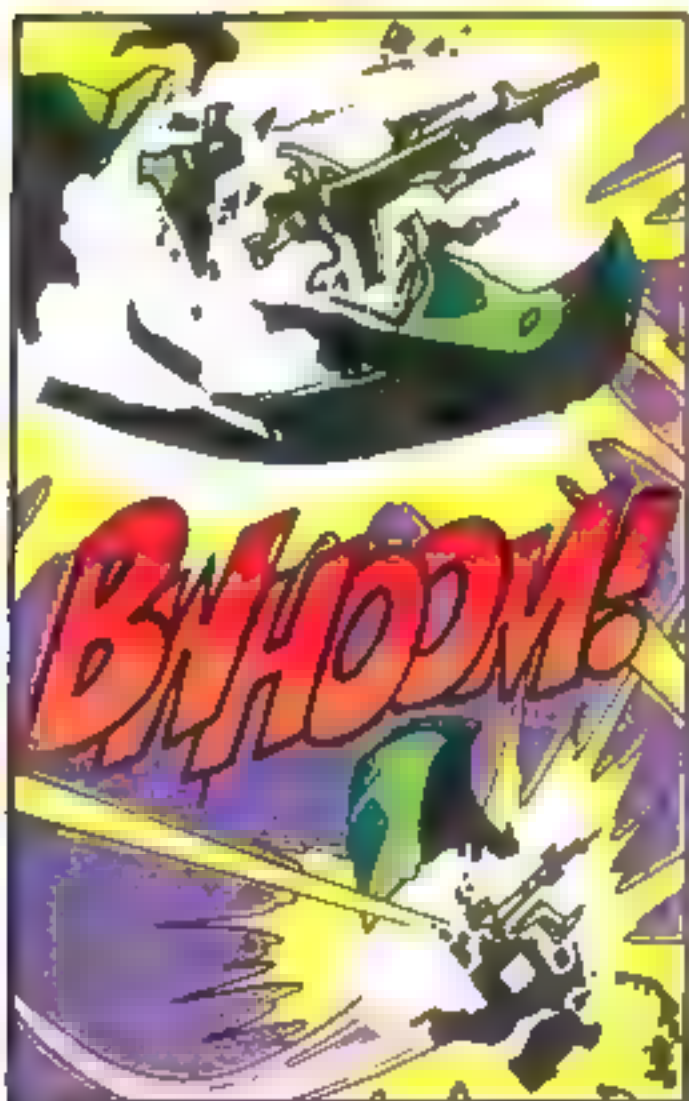
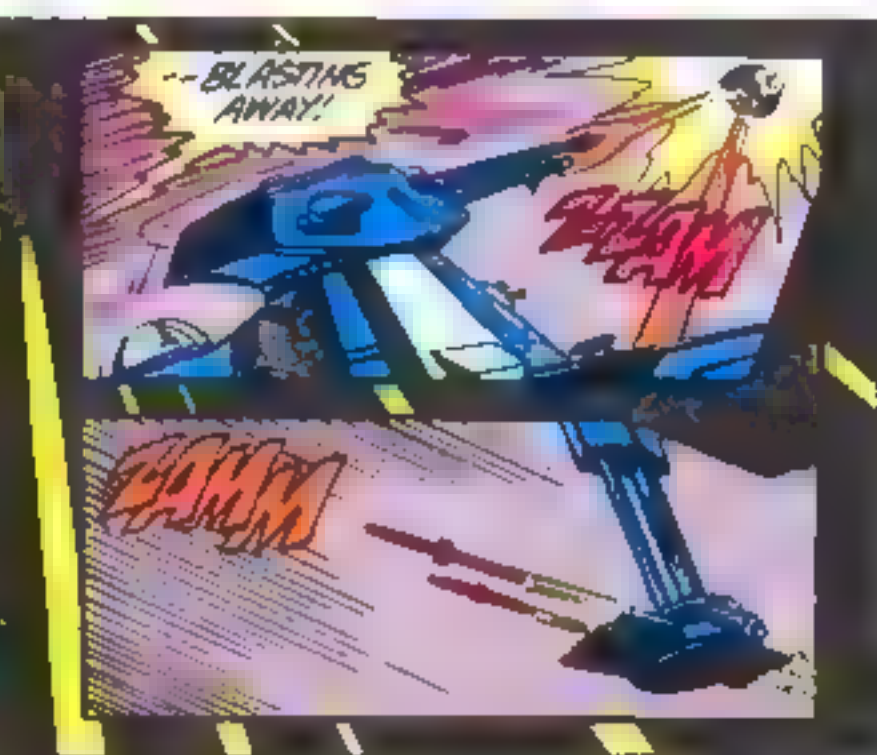
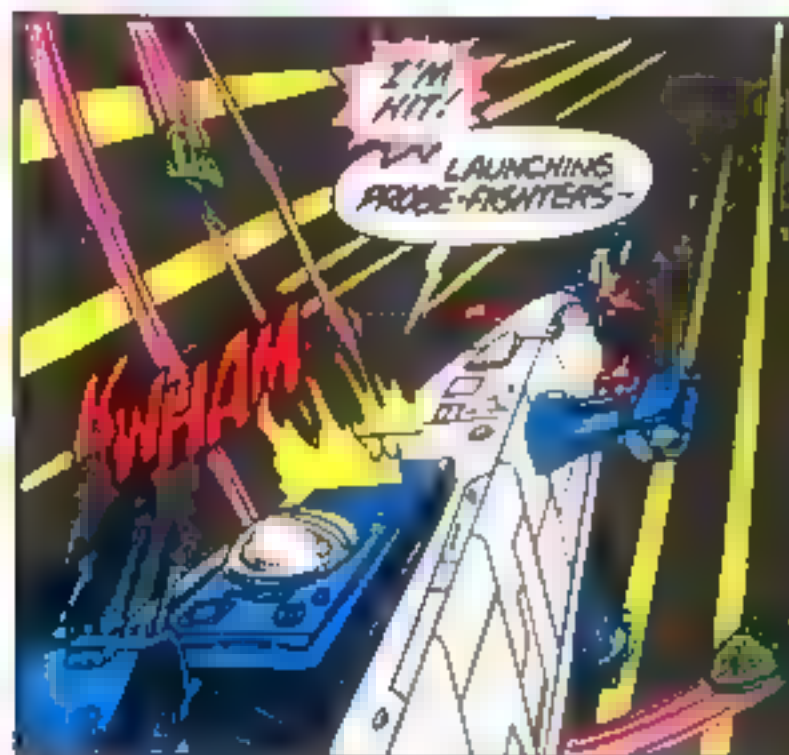
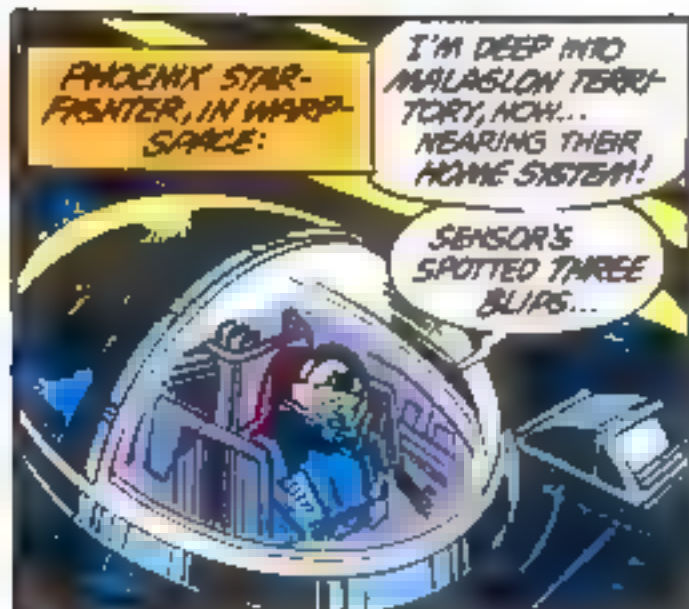
NO ONE CAN  
STAND UP TO  
THAT KIND OF  
CONTINUOUS  
ONSLAUGHT...

HE CAN'T HEAR  
US, LYDIA--  
WE'RE TOO  
DISTANT!

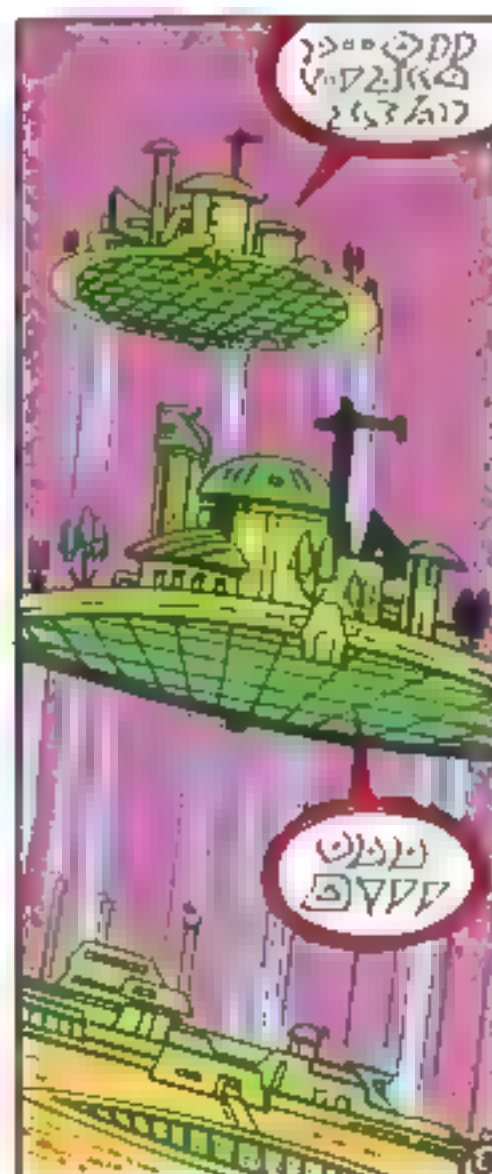
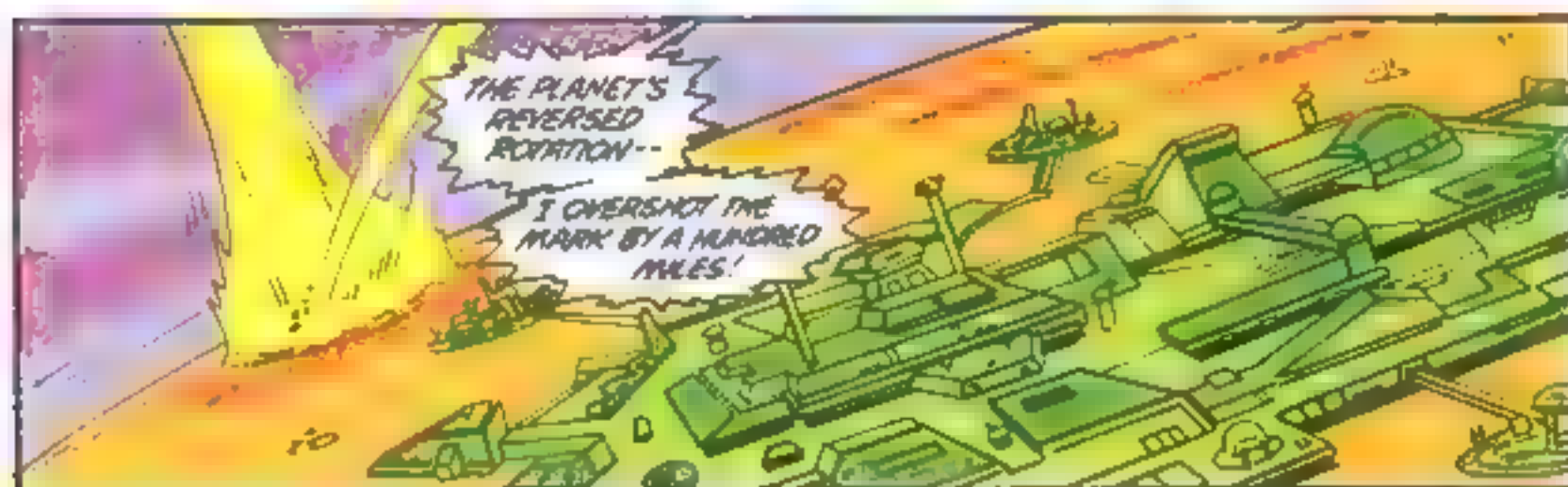
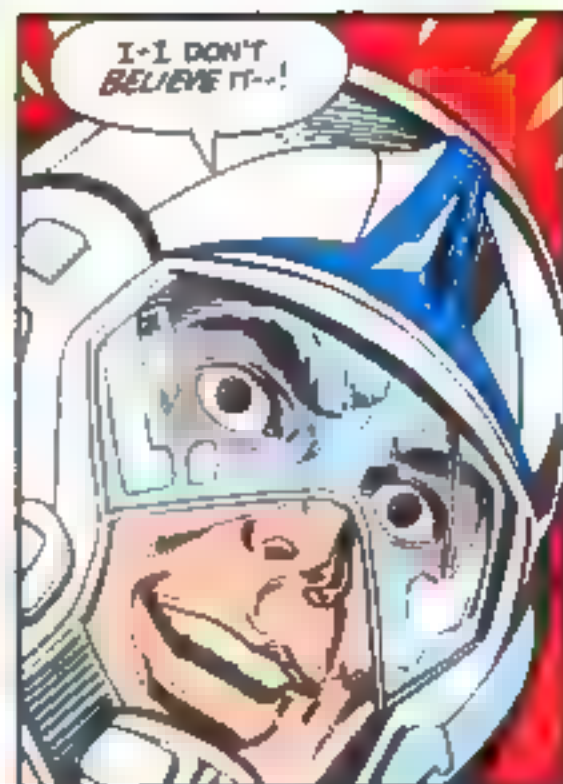
WHETHER WE LIKE  
IT OR NOT--

--HE'S ON  
HIS OWN!

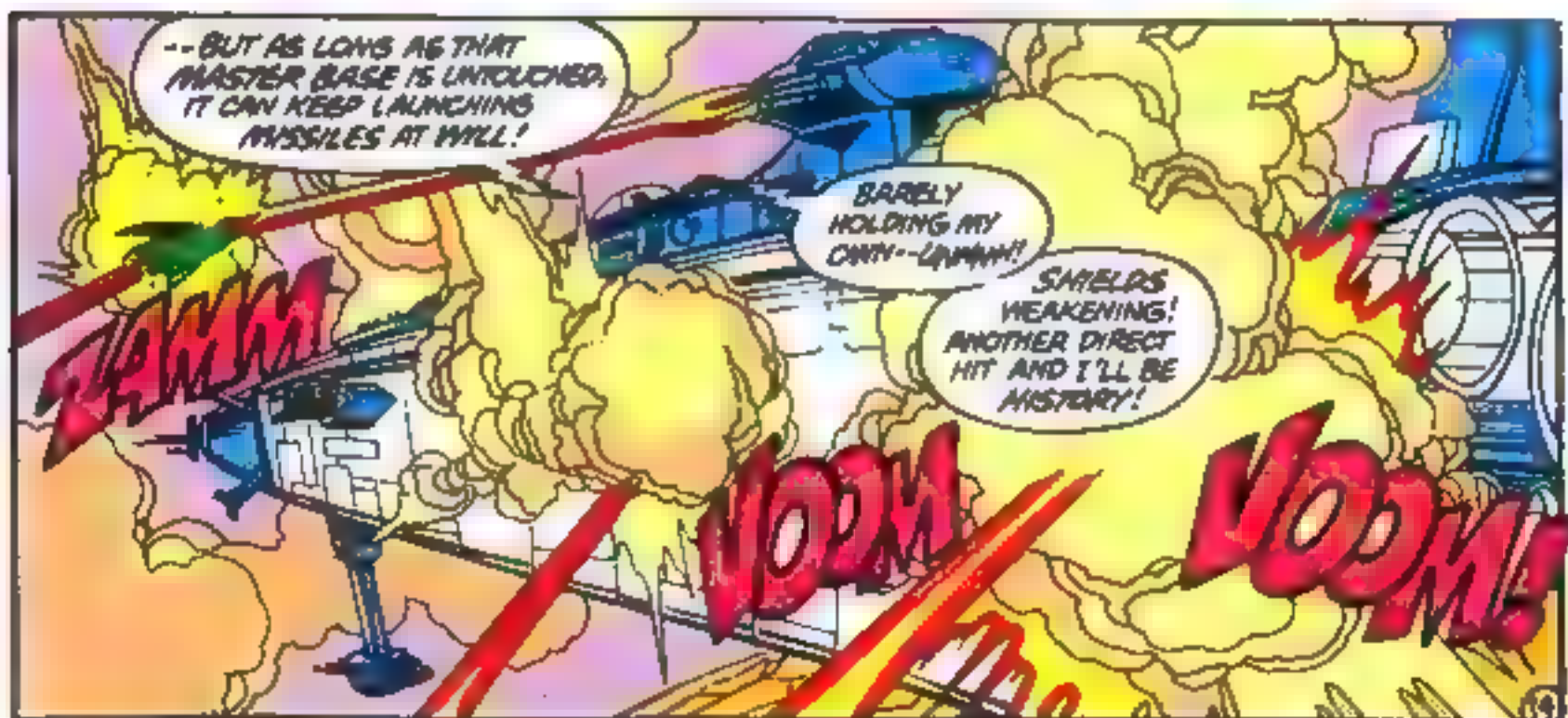
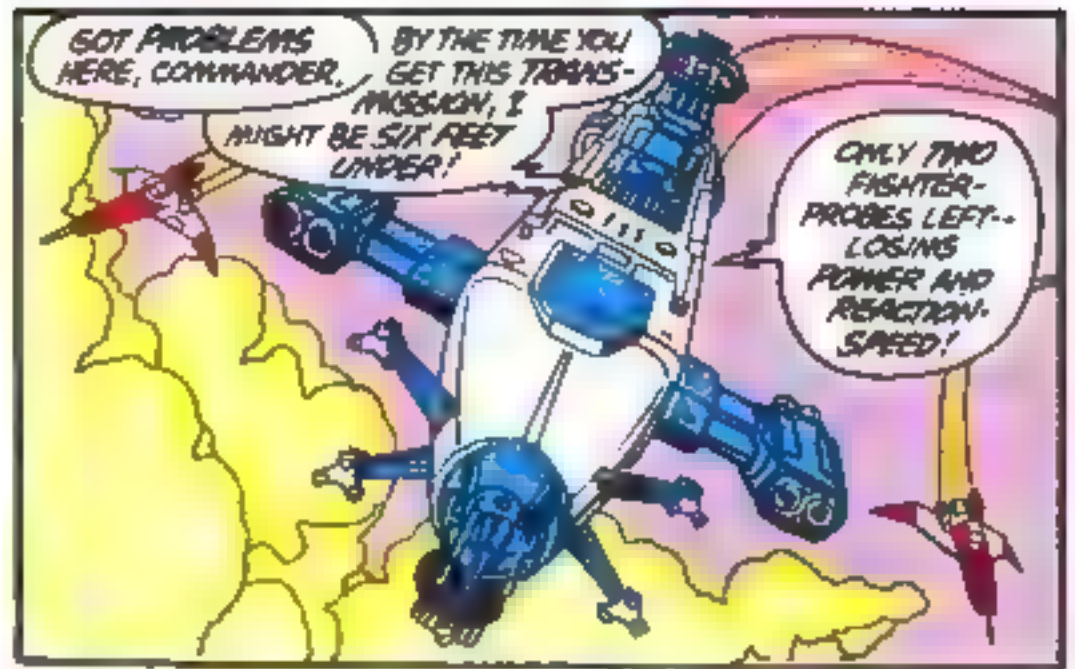




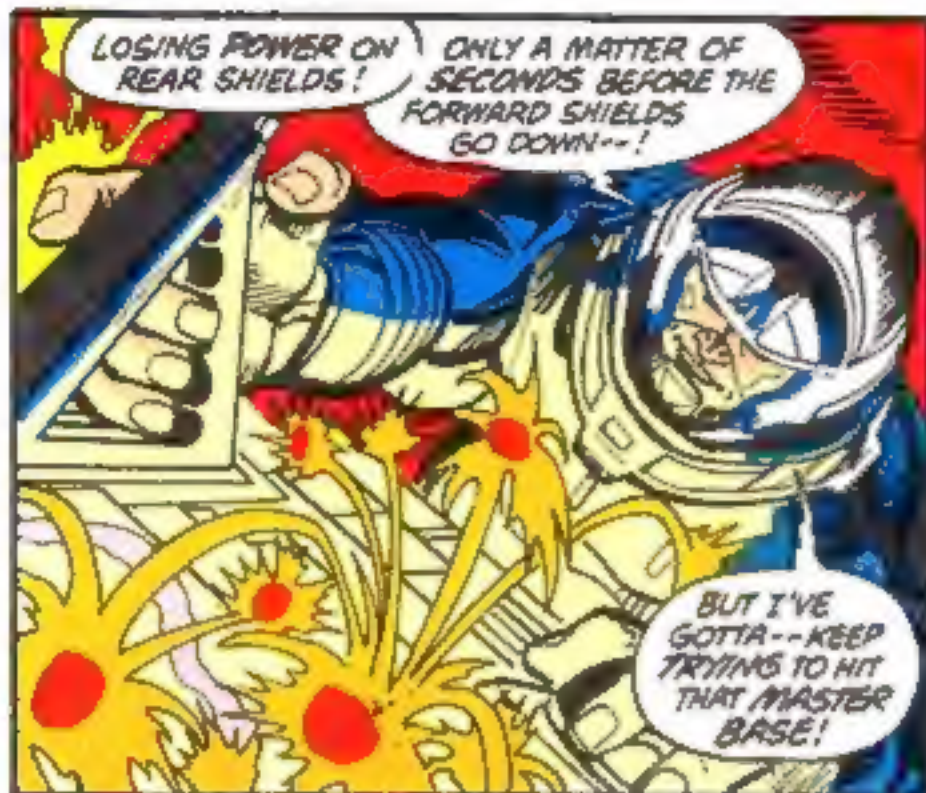












LOSING POWER ON  
REAR SHIELDS!

ONLY A MATTER OF  
SECONDS BEFORE THE  
FORWARD SHIELDS  
GO DOWN--!

BUT I'VE  
GOTTA--KEEP  
TRYING TO HIT  
THAT MASTER  
BASE!



NO  
GOOD!

I FIRE ON THE  
EAST--IT  
MOVES THE  
PLANET WEST--!

ZAM



6.27072500 \* 2.2.072500 \*

2.2.072500 \*

\* (NOW, ALIEN--  
NOW WE FINISH  
IT!) --TRANS.

\* (READY FORWARD  
LASER BATTERIES--)  
--TRANS.



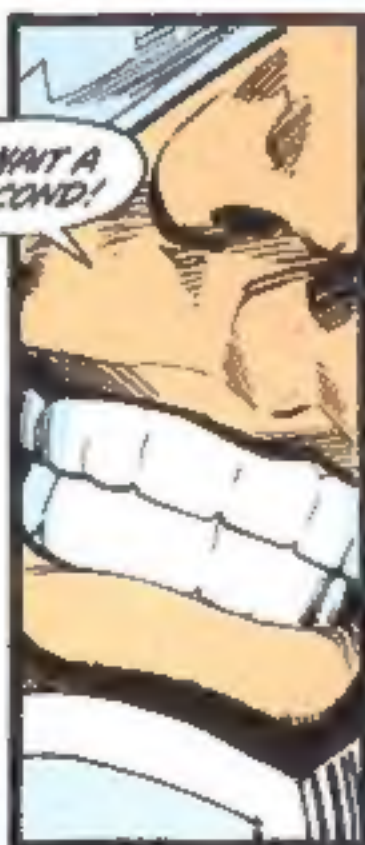
ZZAM

I FIRE WEST--  
AND THE PLANET  
ROTATES EAST!

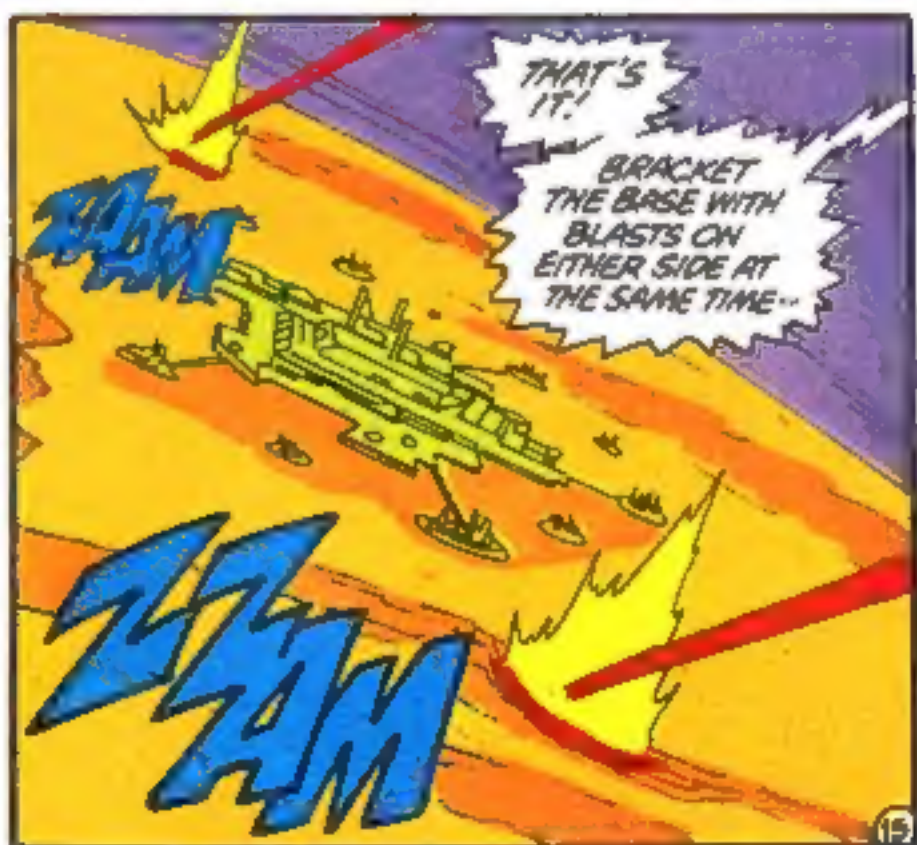
NO MATTER WHICH  
SIDE I FIRE ON, THAT  
BASE MOVES IN THE  
OTHER DIRECTION! I  
CAN'T POSSIBLY--



WAIT A  
SECOND...



...WAIT A  
SECOND!



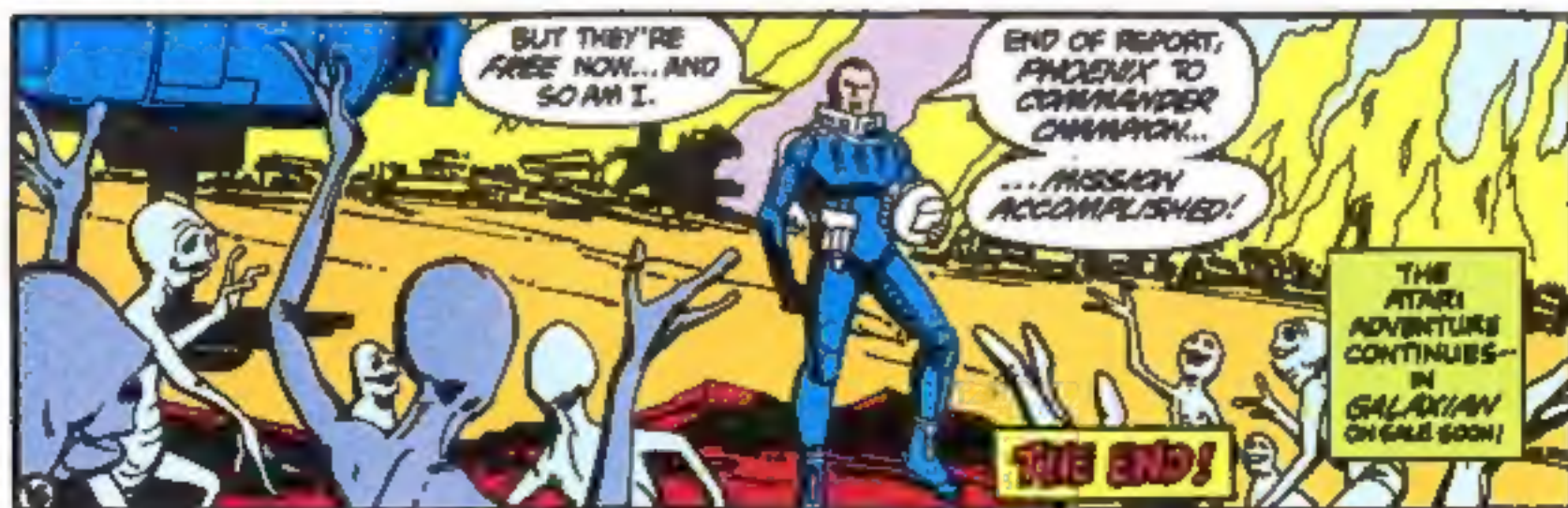
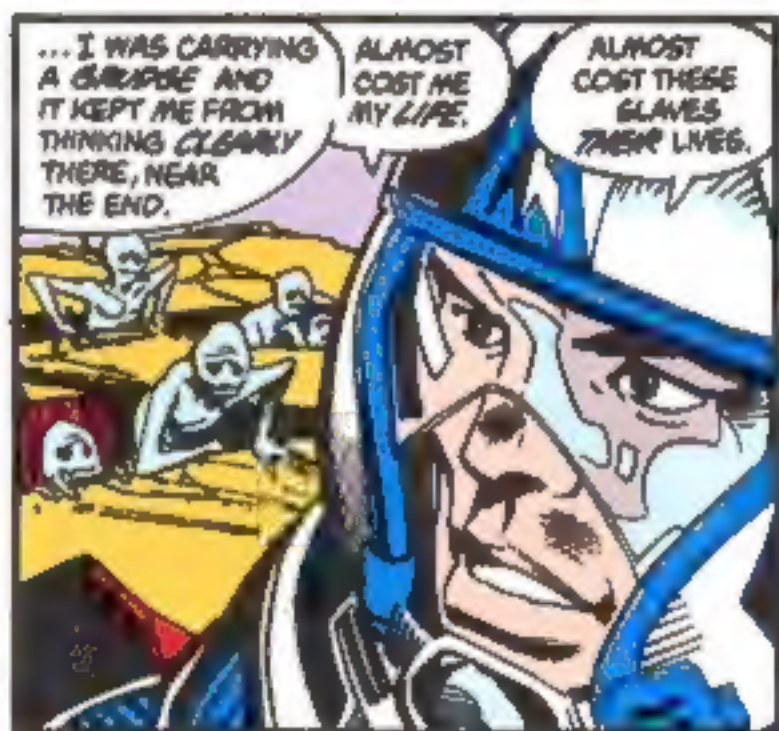
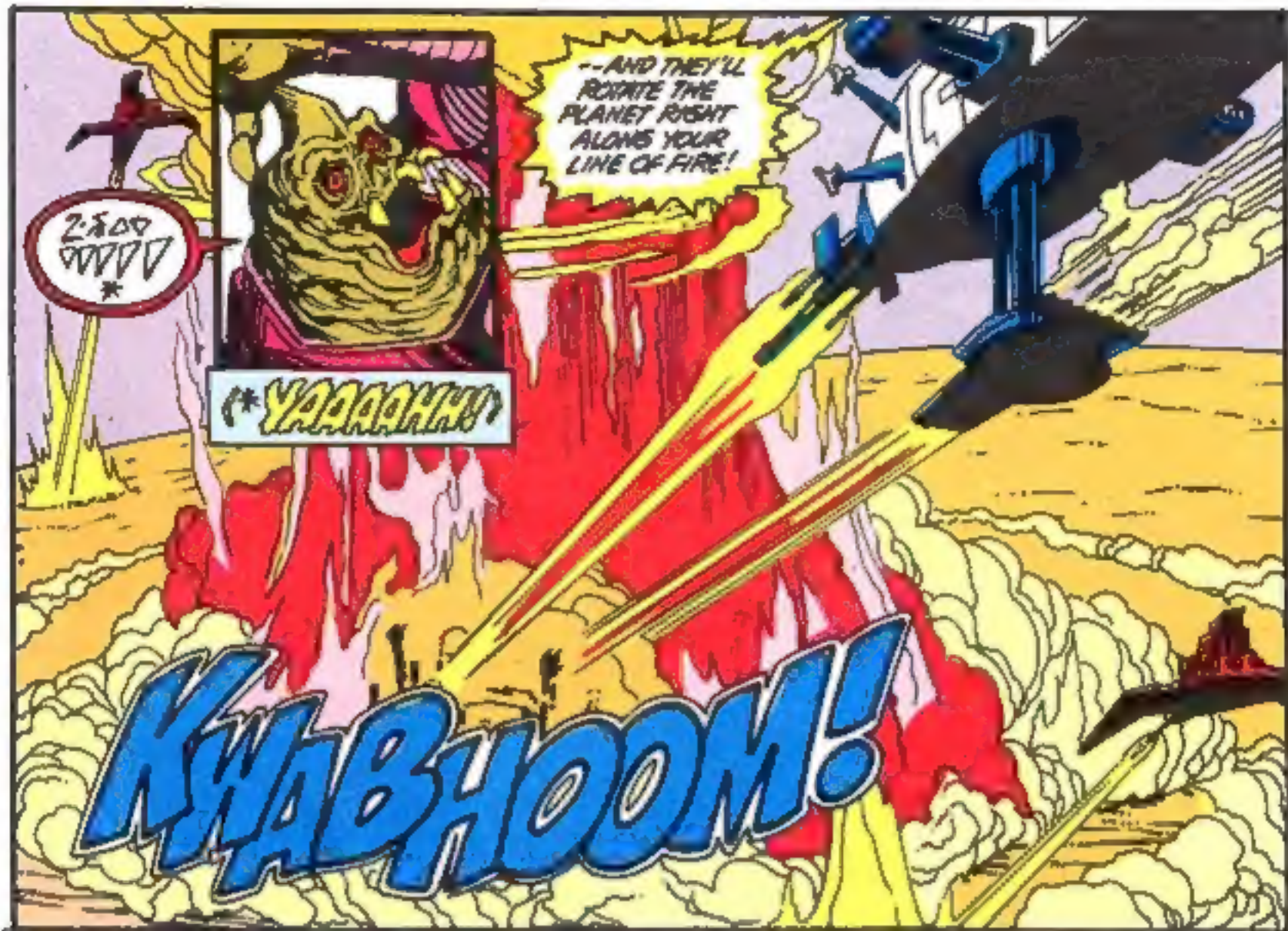
THAT'S  
IT!

BRACKET  
THE BASE WITH  
BLASTS ON  
EITHER SIDE AT  
THE SAME TIME--

ZAM

ZAM













ATARI

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